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Waverley Novels.

THE TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH.

No. VII.

THE TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH.



The Tolbooth, or Newgate, of Edinburgh, is the central prison of the Scotch metropolis, and the above correct engraving taken from an original drawing, (and for which we are indebted to a contributor to the pages of the *MIRROR*,) will well serve as an illustration of our series of the "Waverley Novels." The historical notices of the execution of one Wilson, a smuggler, and ungovernable ruffian of the mob towards Captain Percival, who fell a victim to his ferocity and wantonness against an unfortunate criminal, are accurately depicted in the novel of the "Great Unknown." The "Home of Mid-Lethian," or the Tolbooth is fictionally declared to be "a bad heart, a cold heart, a wicked heart, and a poor heart; a strong heart, and a high heart," and rear'd its ancient front in the very middle of the High-street, forming, as it were, the termination of a whole pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which, for some incoercible reason, are

jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town, leaving for passage a narrow street on the north, and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow crooked lane, winding betwixt the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth, and the adjacent houses on the one side and the buttresses and projections of the old cathedral upon the other. To give some appearance of gaiety to this sombre passage, (well known by the name of the Krames,) a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers' stalls, are plastered against the Gothic projections and abutments, so that it seemed as if the traders had occupied with nests, bearing the same proportion to the building, every buttress and crook-wantage, as the inmates did in Macbeth's Castle. Of late years these booths have degenerated into messy-shops; but formerly the haberdashers, hatters, mercers, milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now

termed hitherdasher's goods were to be found in this narrow alley. The Tolbooth is the place where, for many years, the Scottish Parliament met; and here it was James took refuge, when the mob, inflamed by a seditious preacher, rushed upon him with the cries of " The sword of the Lord and of Gideon—bring forth the wicked Haman!"

Adjacent to the prison is one of three churches into which the cathedral of St. Giles is now divided, called, from its vicinity, the Tolbooth church. It was the custom to bring criminals under sentence of death to this church, with a sufficient guard, to hear and join in public worship on the sabbath previous to their execution; but the practice is now discontinued. Having thus glanced at the principal events in connexion with the Tolbooth, we proceed to give a complete analysis of the "Second Series of Tales of My Landlord."

THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

On the overturning of the mail-coach at Ganderleisch, we are informed, in the introductory chapter, that our old acquaintance, Jedburgh Cleekibothum, becomes known to two young lawyers from Edinburgh, whose dialogues are highly amusing, and who relate the following story:—An open spot in Edinburgh, called the Grass-Market, was the place for executions; and, on the 7th of September, 1736, Andrew Wilson, a smuggler by trade, long obnoxious to the collector, and who had chosen to retributive himself unmercifully, for fines and seizures upon his property, was there to be hanged upon the gibbet. Wilson's name did not appear to the populace of the blackest dye, and was further extenuated by his generous rescue of one Robertson, a colleague in the robbery, and a fellow-prisoner. This man had, by the strength and dexterity of Wilson, escaped from church whilst hening the condemned sermon, though the latter could not save his own life. An inference from the mob being expected, the city-guard was called out, under the command of captain John Porteous, "a man whose name became too memorable from the melancholy circumstances of the day, and subsequent events." Violent and ungovernable, the captain showed resentment and ferocity to the unfortunate prisoner, and manacled him in a painful manner. The mob was disposed to sympathise with Wilson; but, though stern and indignant, no rescue was attempted, and Wilson met his fate. As soon, however, as life was extinct, a saturnine among stories were levelled at Porteous, and a scuffle ensued, during which the captain

ordered his soldiers to fire, and several men fell; execrations and threats were sent after the gun; Porteous was accused of murder, tried, and condemned; he was ordered to suffer in the Grass-Market, and all his property to be confiscated.

"On the day when the unhappy Porteous was expected to suffer the sentence of the law, the place of execution, extensive as it is, was crowded almost to suffocation. There was not a window in all the lofty tenements around it, or in the steep and crooked street called the Bow, by which the fatal procession was to descend from the High Street, which was not absolutely filled with spectators. The uncommon height and antique appearance of these houses, some of which were formerly the property of the Knights Templars, and the Knights of St. John, and still exhibit on their fronts and gables the cross of those orders, gave additional effect to a scene in itself so striking. The area of the Grass-Market resembled a huge dark lake or sea of human faces, in the centre of which arose the tall, tall, black, and sombre, front of the gaol, dangled the deadly halter. Every one takes interest from its uses and associations, and the erect beam, and every noose, thing so simple in themselves, became objects, on which an enormous terror and of solemn interest.

"Amid so numerous a crowd, there was scarce a word spoken, and no whisper. The titter of vulgar mirth, in some degree allayed by its own certainty; and even the popular, deeper feeling that they were about to witness, suppressed an enormous exultation, and prepared to enjoy the scene of retaliation in triumph, silent and drear, though stern and relentless. It seemed as if the depth of their hatred to the unfortunate criminal desirous to display itself in anything resembling the more noisy current of their ordinary feelings. Had a stranger consulted only the evidence of his ears, he might have supposed that a vast multitude were assembled for some purpose which affected them with the deepest sorrow, and stilled those voices which upon all ordinary occasions, arise from such a concourse; but if his gaze upon their faces, he would have been instantly undeceived. The compressed lip, the stern brow, the stern and flashing eye of almost every one on whom he gazed, conveyed the expression of men come to glut their sight with triumphant revenge. It is probable that the appearance of the criminal might have somewhat changed the temper of the popular in his favour, and that they might in the number of

and have forgiven the man against whom their resentment had been so recently heated. It had, however, been decided that the mutability of their sentence was not to be exposed to this trial.

Porteous was reprieved; he had been wise and useful to the magistracy, and we supposed to have acted under a false impression of duty. The people, whose discontented revenge had been so near execution, uttered a "roar of indignation." A沉寂 and foreboding silence of suspense succeeded, and threatened vengeance, yet they dispensed for the present, as matters were not ripe for action.

During this calm we are introduced to several new characters, particularly a canon, Presbyterian minister, and schoolmaster, named Butler, of a parish near Edinburgh, at one Saddletree's, where another discussion of the case of Porteous takes place. This Saddletree is remarkable for his frequent use of Latin expressions and quotations, of the meaning of which he is totally unacquainted, being an ignorant saddle and harness maker, but a great pedant, and pretends to a knowledge of all the Scottish laws.

As young Butler was returning from his school at Liberton, he met a large number of the populace; they compelled him to join them, without knowing their purpose, and proceeded to open the city gates. They passed up to the guard-houses, possessed themselves of the guns, halberds, axes, &c. and then raised a tremendous shout of "Porteous! Porteous! Porteous! To the Tolbooth! To the Tolbooth!" A tremendous assault of the prison now took place. The doors were assailed with every weapon of strength they could find, and they relieved each other whilst labouring at forcing the prison doors; they, however, made slow progress in their exercise, and finally resolved to try it with fire. This plan succeeded; long before the flames were extinguished, they had broken through, and possessed themselves of the object of their vengeance. A young girl, disguised in woman's apparel, was discovered in this scene of riot; and, while assisting their victim, conjured a beautiful girl, confined on suspicion of disaffection, to make her escape in the general confusion. She, however, resolved further to brand her name with infamy; and was the only prisoner, except herself, to await their future fate in the Tolbooth, when such an unexpected junction takes place. The young Master Butler, who desired to give the last punishment the time allowed to the miserable Porteous, had performed his

allotted task as well as he was able, whilst they repaired to the Grass-Market.

The unhappy man was forced to his fate, with remorseless rapidity. Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horrors of his struggles. Unnoticed by those who had hitherto detained him as a prisoner, he fled from the fatal spot, without much caring in what direction his course lay. A loud shout proclaimed the stern delight with which the agents of this deed regarded its completion. Butler then, at the opening into the low-street called the Cowgate, cast back a terrified glance, and by the red and dusky light of the torches, he could discern a figure wavering and struggling as it hung suspended above the heads of the multitude.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HISTORY AND DISPERSION OF THE GIPSIES.

(*For the Mirror.*)

GIPSIES or Egyptians are, in our statutes, termed a counterfeit kind of rogues, who, disguising themselves both in their speech and apparel, wander up and down the country pretending to tell fortunes, cure diseases, &c. By enactments in the reign of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, "Egyptians coming into England are to depart the realm in fifteen days, or may be imprisoned; and if they continue here above a month, shall be deemed guilty of felony." Probably these extraordinary but unfortunate people were so called from the ancient Egyptians, who had the character of great cheats, whence the name might afterwards pass proverbially into other languages, as it did into the Greek and Latin; or else the ancient Egyptians, being much versed in astronomy, or rather astrology, the name was afterwards assumed by these modern fortune-tellers. Be this as it may, there are other, and perhaps better, authorities for supposing them to have been originally of the lowest class of Hindoos, having emigrated, as is asserted by some, from Hindostan so early as 1400. This supposition is also supported by an intelligent correspondent in No. 186 of the *MIRROR*, and it may not be amiss to find this assertion on the peculiarity of their language, which is undoubtlessly a species of Hindostanee as is shown by a comparison of grammatical peculiarities, as well as of a number of words taken down as specimens of their language from English gipsies, and from Turkish gipsies in Hungary, printed in the seventh volume of "Anthologia;" also

by selections from the vocabulary compiled by Greenman, the learned author of a dissertation on the subject; and by words obtained, as a translation of familiar English words, from gypsies in the immediate neighbourhood of London. From the following authorities it will appear there is scarce any country in Europe without its gypsies, but how far the treatment they have received from civilised nations, among whom they have been universally objects of contempt or persecution, has tended to keep them in their present state of intellectual debasement, by strengthening their prejudices, and driving them to the usual resources of indigence, demands the serious and dispassionate consideration of every friend of humanity.

"They are," according to Blackstone, "a kind of commonwealth among themselves of wandering impostors and jugglers, who made their first appearance in Germany, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Munster, it is true, who is followed and relied upon by Spelman, fixes the time of their first appearance to the year 1417; but as he owns that the first whom he ever saw were in 1529, it is probably an error of the press for 1517, especially as other historians inform us, that when sultan Selim conquered Egypt in the year 1517, several of the natives refused to submit to the Turkish yoke, and revolted under the Zingareus, whence the Turks call them Zingarees; but being at length surrounded and banished, they agreed to disperse in small parties all over the world, where their supposed skill in the black art gave them a universal reception in that age of superstition and credulity. In the compass of a very few years they gained such a number of idle proscelytes (who imitated their language and complexion, and betook themselves to the same arts of chicanery, begging and pilfering), that they became troublesome, and even formidable, to most of the states of Europe. Hence they were expelled from France in the year 1600, and from Spain in 1601. And the government of England took the alarm much earlier, for in 1530 they are described, stat. 22 Henry VIII., as 'an outlandish people, calling themselves Egypians, using no craft norfeat of merchandise, who have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire and place to place, in great company, and used great, subtle, and crafty means to deceive the people; bearing them in hand that they by palmistry could tell men's and women's fortunes; and so many times by craft and subtilty have deceived the people of their money, and also have com-

mitted many heinous felonies and miseries.' Wherefore they are directed to avoid the realm, and not to return under pain of imprisonment and forfeiture of their goods and chattels; and upon the trial for any felony which they may have committed, they shall not be entitled to a *jury de medietate lingue*. And afterwards it is enacted, by statutes 1 and 2 Philip and Mary, and 3 Elizabeth, that if any such persons shall be imported into the kingdom, the importer shall suffer death, and if the Egyptians themselves remain one month in the kingdom, or if any person being fourteen years old, whether natural-born subject or stranger, which had been seen or found in the fellowship of such Egyptians, or which hath disguised him or herself like them, shall remain the same one month at one or several times, it is felony without benefit of clergy. And Sir M. Hale informs us, that at one Suffolk assizes, no less than thirteen persons were executed upon these statutes a few years before the restoration. But to the honour of our national humanity, there are no instances more modern than this of carrying these laws into practice."

It is further observed by Blackstone, that "in Scotland they seem to have enjoyed some share of indulgence; a writ of privy seal, dated 1594, supports John Faw, *lord and earl of Little Egypt*, in the execution of justice on his company and flock, conformable to the laws of Egypt; and in punishing certain persons there named who rebelled against him, left him, robbed him, and refused to return home with him. James's subjects are commanded to assist in apprehending them, and in assisting Faw and his adherents to return home." There is a like writ in his favour from Mary queen of Scots, 1563; and in 1581 he obtained a pardon for the murder of Numan Scull. So that it appears he had staid long in Scotland, and perhaps some of the time in England, and from him this kind of strolling people might receive the name of *Faw Gang*, which they still retain.

Pasquier seems to refer to a like set of people in the following curious notice, to be found in his *Recherches de la France*:— In August, 1627, came to Paris twelve penitents as they called themselves, viz. a duke, an earl, and ten men, all on horseback, and calling themselves good Christians. They were of Lower Egypt, and gave out that not long before the Christians had subdued their country, and obliged them to embrace Christianity, or put them to death; those who were baptised were great lords in their own country, and had

king and queen there. Some time after the conversion the Saracens overran their country and obliged them to renounce Christianity. When the emperor of Germany, the king of Poland, and other German princes heard this, they fell into a rage, and obliged them all, both men and women, to quit their country and go to the pope at Rome, who enjoined them five years penance to wander over the world without lying in a bed; every man was to be about to give them ten livres francs, and be gave their letters to this pope, and his blessing. They had been wandering five years when they came to Paris, where the principal people, and soon after the commonalty, about 100 or 120, were dead, 1,000 or 1,200 when they came home, the rest being dead, and king and queen. The survivors had made some worldly property, for the pope had promised them a fruitful country, but they willingly finished their penance.

They were lodged by the poor of the city, at Chapel St. Denis. All were had their ears pierced, and one or two silver rings in each, which they were esteemed an ornament in their country. The men were very black, their hair curled; the women remarkably ugly and black, all their faces scarred, their black like a horse's tail; their only garment, old shaggy garment, tied over the shoulders with a cloth or cord, and under it a poor petticoat or shift. In short, they were the poorest wretches that had ever been seen in France; and notwithstanding their poverty, there were some poor women, who by looking into their hands, told their fortunes; for instance, thy wife has played thee false. And what was worse, they picked the pockets of their money, and lost their own, by telling these fortunes, magic, or the intervention of the devil, or by a certain knock; but according to the common report, I saw them several times, but never by knocking by them, or ever saw them knock people a hand. But the bishop of Paris hearing of it, sent thither with the preacher named Le Petit Jacobin, who by the bishop's order preached an excommunicating sermon, excommunicating all these men and women who pretended to be holy persons, and who had believed in them, and given them their hands; and it was ordered that they should go away, and they reported for *Pénitentes* in September.

The account, says Pasquier, was composed from an old book in form of a journal, drawn up by a doctor of divinity in Paris, which fell into his hands, and then observed, that however the story of the

penance savours of fable, these wretches wandered up and down France under the eve, and with the knowledge of the magistrates for 100 or 120 years. At length, in 1561, an edict was issued, commanding all officers of justice to turn out of the kingdom in the space of two months, under pain of the galleys and corporal punishment, all men, women, and children who assumed the name of *Bohemians* or *Egyptians*. Raphael Volaterranus, in the twelfth book of his Geography, says that this kind of people were derived from the *Uxii*, a people of Persia; and that Syllax, who wrote the history of the emperors of Constantinople, says that they foretold the empire to the emperor Michael Traulus.

Mr. Twiss in his travels, gives the following account of them in Spain:— “They are very numerous about and in Murcia, Cordova, Cadiz, and Ronda. The race of these vagabonds are found in every part of Europe. The French call them *Bohemians*, the Italians *Zingari*, the Germans *Ziegenherr*, the Dutch *Zygenen* (*Pagans*), the Portuguese *Siganos*, and the Spaniards *Gitanos*, in Latin *Cingari*. Their language which is peculiar to themselves, is so similar, that they undoubtedly are all derived from the same source. They began to appear in Europe in the fifteenth century, and are probably a mixture of Egyptians and Ethiopians. The men are all thieves, and the women libertines; they follow no certain trade, and have no fixed religion. They do not enter into the order of society, wherein they are only tolerated. It is supposed there are upwards of 40,000 of them in Spain, great numbers of whom are inn-keepers in the villages and small towns, and are every where fortune-tellers. In Spain they are not allowed to possess any lands, nor even to serve as soldiers. They marry among themselves, strolling about the country, and bury their dead under water. Their ignorance prevents their employing themselves in any thing but in providing for the immediate wants of nature, beyond which even their ingenuity does not extend, and only endeavouring to save themselves the trouble of labour; they are contented if they can procure food by shewing feats of dexterity, and only pilfer to supply themselves with the trifles they want; so that they never render themselves liable to any severer chastisement than whipping for having stolen chickens, linen, &c. Most of the men have a smattering of physic and surgery, and are skilled in tricks performed by sleight of hand.” The foregoing account, says Mr. Twiss, is partly extracted from *Le Voyageur Francais*, very

16 : but the assertion that they are all so abandoned as that author says, is too general ; for, relates Mr. Twiss, " I have lodged many times in their houses, and never missed the most trifling things, though I have left my knives, forks, candlesticks, spoons, and lines, at their mercy, and I have more than once known unsuccessful attempts made for a private interview with their young females, who virtuously rejected both the courtship and the money."

Mutaster describes them as exceedingly tawny and sun-burnt, and in very pitiful array, though they affected quality, and travelled with a train of hunting dogs after them like nobles. He adds, that they had passports from Sigismund, king of Bohemia, and other princes ; for that afterwards they came into France, and thence passed into England. Probably from the passports here mentioned, they might by the vulgar be styled *Bohemians* ; and it may be supposed the first comers or their children, were probably soon reinforced by many idle persons of both sexes ; swarthy skins, dark eyes, and black hair, being the only qualifications required for admission, and some of these might be heightened by the sun and walnut juice. Their language, or rather gibberish, might soon be learned, and thus their numbers in all likelihood quickly increased, till they became alarming, when those severe statutes were promulgated against them, whose great severity prevented their intended effect of execution.

Harrison in his description of England prefixed to Holleshead's *Chronicles*, 1577, describing the various sorts of cheats practised by the voluntary poor, after enumerating those who maim or disfigure their bodies by sores, or counterfeit the guises of labourers or serving-men, or mariners seeking for ships which they have not lost, to extort charity, adds, " it is not yet full sixty years since this trade began ; but how it hath prospered since that time it is easy to judge, for they are now supposed, of one sex and another, to amount unto above 10,000 persons, as I have heard reported. Moreover, in countervailing the *Egyptian* rogues, they have devised a language among themselves which they name *conning*, but others pedlars French, a speech compact thirty years since of English and a great number of odd words of their own devising, without all order or reason ; and yet such is it, as none but themselves are able to understand. The first devised thereof was hanged by the neck, a just reward, no doubt, for his deceit, and a common end to all of that profession."

The *Gakets* were as singular and distinct a set of people in Berne, Gascoigne, and the *city* Bourdeaux. In Gascoigne, says the *Abbé Venuti*, they went by the name of *Cugots* and *Cenots*, and in Navarre by that of *Agots*. Supposed as strangers settled in towns against the will of the proper inhabitants, they were not only held incapable of possessing any office or employ, but so abhorred, as to be destitute of the necessities of life, confined to distant habitations, forbidden to intermarry or even resort with the citizens, debarred the use of arms, condemned to wear a mark on their clothes of a goose's foot, and separated from the rest of the congregation even in the church, where they were forced to have separate fonts, and were denied the privilege of kissing the pix. Every stigma has been set on them from the year 1400, as wretches deemed the descendants of Getha and Ariana, of Saracen lepers, the miserable remains of Abderahmen's army after his defeat by Charles Martel, of impious Jews, or of Protestant Christians. In his Dissertation on the Antiquities of Bourdeaux, Venuti, endeavours to accommodate these different etymologies by deriving this sobriquet, which in other provinces of France is written *Gascins* or *Gesitains*, from *Gixer* or *Geket*, the servant of the prophet Elijah, who was smitten by him with the same infectious disorder the leprosy, which these unhappy people are supposed to have contracted by pilgrimages to the Holy Land ; a disease held as one of the strongest marks of divine wrath, equal with the curse of Cain, or the punishment of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. In Lower Bretagne these wretches went by the name of *Cagots*, *Cacous*, or *Caguenis*, in Latin *Cacoti*, and dittemper *Cacoemos*.

The *Abbé Venuti* concludes with informing us, that in 1738, the parliament of Bourdeaux put a stop, by authority, to the ill-treatment of these pretended descendants of the race of Gixer, by the several names of *Agots*, *Cugots*, *Gakots*, and *Laides* or lepers, who were no longer to be debarred the common rights of citizens, or excluded from public assemblies, offices, and churches. This was confirmed in 1746 ; and to our reproach, as Englishmen and Protestants, were we anticipated in an act of comprehensive humanity in remedying the defects of their habits, or of holding out to the well disposed encouragement to reformation.

F. R. V.

THEORIZING.

(For the *Mirror*.)

Tom TWISTRE, an old friend of mine, has devoted many of the latter years of his life to the study of natural philosophy; he has formed a slight acquaintance with every science which treats of the motions and states of matter, whether in the orbit of Saturn or in the common pot; and to so great perfection have his studies arrived, that he perceives by intuition, what others discover only by ratiocination.

He has long endeavoured to connect the sciences into one harmonious whole, to make astronomy applicable to gastronomy, and geology to osteology, but he has not yet succeeded, whether from want of sagacity or the fatuity of his reasoner, I cannot determine. About ten years back, he wrote a profound treatise on the existence of a lunar passage, and he made his way so clear, and so easy, that nothing was wanting, but to attempt its practicability; the attempt was never made, and the selenites are still in ignorance respecting the substantial inhabitants of Great Britain.

A plan more recently formed, promised to have a surprising effect on the universe, if put in execution: he proposed making large incisions in the crust of the earth, till that mass of perennial fire, which Dr. Darwin supposed the interior of the globe to contain, was arrived at; he anticipated, that then the fire would burst forth, and cause the gelidity of winter to melt before the genial warmth of an artificial summer. He intended to put the scheme in practice first in Lapland, or some other far northern country, and he expected to render those bereft regions the rivals of the south—indeed he intended to have stayed, till he could bring over septentrion grapes, figs, and pomegranates. This plan did not succeed, because it was impracticable; he could not meet with an individual who would venture to dig so near to the internal fire, which possibly might rush forth and consume the labours in its stupendous flames; a digging machine he could not apply to his purpose, and thus the wretched nations yet shiver with cold, and suffer of an austral warmth, still feel the frigoric effects of their chilly climate.

Tom did conjecture opening a number of those furnaces in England, but I observed, that in the summer the furnaces would be very injurious, and as they could never be extinguished, the inconvenience would overbalance the advantage. He acquiesced in my remark; and

after nights of deep toll, and days of battering expectation, he allowed Dr. Darwin's fire to burn unmolested, and contentedly suffered Vesuvius and Etna to be its principal European outlets.

Tom, like many mere theorists, was once near discovering the perpetual motion. While his plan was concocting, he kept profound silence, no one could learn from the most distant hint, on what principle the machine was to act; after some months' study he announced the machine complete, and moreover, that it had continued in motion, incessantly for two days; this was in good earnest, and Tom invited me, and several of his friends to dinner, after which he was to exhibit his invention. On the appointed day a good number assembled; all the converse turned on Tom's genius: one extolled on the munificent premium Tom would receive; another hoped that Tom would not forget his old friends when he had acquired such merited opulence; a third dilated on immortal fame, and a fourth, begged Tom to associate his name with the concern, in any way, if it were only as the bearer of the machine, so that he might enjoy commentator fame. Thus they talked till the cloth was removed. Tom then went to his cupboard. The company sat in silence and suspense. Tom brought out a small mahogany box, lifted the lid, and—a wheel appeared!!—not in motion, but perfectly quiescent! Vexation, rage, despair, seized poor Tom; he stamped, and even swore, while the company gazed in silent amazement; at length, Tom became calmer, and we all gave in our opinions respecting it, seriatim; one oecosmical fellow, who had been gravely scribbling on a card for the last five minutes, assured Tom, that the principle of his machine was erroneous; for after the wheel had revolved 999,999,999,999 times, it would necessarily stop: this he declared was founded on algebrical process; none of us at the moment could disprove it, and Tom seemed to believe it. To have stayed long would have been intrusive; we therefore all left the house as soon as possible, and poor Tom passed many a long day and night afterwards in a state of phrenetic insanity.

On the connexion of geology with humanity, Tom used to be very great: "We know," said he, "that man is created from the dust of the earth; the earth is the cause; the man is the effect. Now causes and effects, and effects and causes are closely connected, and I therefore believe, that there is a *secret, indefinable, incomprehensible, something*, which connects humanity with terrene

matter. Men possibly owe their tempers and inclinations to their component parts,—one formed of London clay, is doubtless more an epicurean than a peripatetic: one formed of plastic clay, is doubtless more easily operated upon, than one formed of old red sand: one formed of chalk, is doubtless less injurious than one formed of coal." Thus he argued; and he gloried in the thought, that at some future period, the knowledge of soils and earthly substances, would lead to a more intimate knowledge of human nature.

I guessed Tom was at another scheme lately, from not receiving a letter from him for the last six months; as I was conjecturing, the other day, the reason of this neglect, a letter arrived, which, from its singular contents, I shall not hesitate to publish.

Dear _____,

FOR the last six months I have been intently studying astronomy and craniology: you will perhaps smile at the incongruity of these sciences, but that is the very reason why I study them conjointly. I wish to establish a connexion between the heavenly bodies and the developments of the skull—a connection, which will not only benefit the human race, but also establish my fame on an immovable foundation. I have theoretically succeeded, and I think I shall be able to cause developments by the agency of the moon; you well know the moon has great attractive powers, its effects on our globe evince this; now having some knowledge of chemistry, I have compounded a linea-protractio-caustico-attractive, that is, a certain glutinous substance which has a great sympathy with the moon's attracancy; now the person desiring any developement, must first get his head shaved, and then apply this glutinous substance to the part where he wishes the bump to rise; he has then to leave the rest to the moon; he should immediately stand in its beams, and the moon's sympathy is so great for the glutinous substance, and the glutinous substance has so great an affection for the subjacent part of the cranium, that the skull will by this catenarian influence be drawn from its former form; it will be tumulated. I have but roughly sketched my plan, I can write no more just now, for the moon is now shining full on the window. I stood last night in the moonshine for four hours, but my agitation for its success, counteracted the desired effect. I wish to raise an organ of concentrativeness of which I am somewhat deficient, I consequently back.

* Mr. T. meant he stood with his back towards the moon.

the moon. I am now going to subject my head again to the operation of the moonbeams. Like a horse, I wish to encounter all the dangers, as well as receive all the advantages of my original astronomical theory.

I remain, yours truly,

TOM TWISTER.

I must confess I was astonished at this epistle, but following his example, I returned the following answer, without any complimentary introduction, or valetudinarian information:

My Dear Tom,

You well know that the lunar and terrestrial attractions are reciprocal; I am therefore fearful that while the moon draws the head one way, the earth will draw it the contrary, so that the attractions will neutralise each other. This is but conjecture; your experience will prove its truth or falsity; but I do think that the attraction of the earth is so great, as to prevent those tumults which you so anxiously expect.

Yours, &c.

I have not yet received a rejoinder, or any information respecting Tom's success: should he favour me with another epistle, I shall most probably forward it.

STANZAS.

It is enough for me to prove,

That what I loved, and long must love,

Like common earth may rot.

Byron.

I saw thy grave—I know it well—

And it was dark and drear—

For me there needed none to tell

The tale of one so dear.

They told me all—they told me all—

I never wept or sigh'd;

Heaven's tears in dew might o'er thee fall,

But all or none were dried!

The place where thy lov'd form is laid,

It is not meet for thee;

No turf is there—no cypress shade—

No mourning willow-tree.

And they that stood around thy bier,

When thy last pang was nigh,

They heeded not thy drooping head;

That one so fair should die.

Thou went far from thy native land,

From those who lov'd thee well;

They were not used to sleep thy hand,

To lie a sad, farewelling bier;

I think on what thou went so late,

Look around with drear—

I look around disconsolate—

Art thou for ever fled?

It seems an hour, and but an hour,

The fairest thou went here;

And death has made thee, by his pow'.

A thing to weep—to fear;

“How a wond’r not look upo,
Nor one who lov’d thee most;
But thy portions beauty grace
Rever, ever last?

“It is but a form of clay,
That is the earthworm’s food;
A little while of a day—
Is double on the flood!
But then—the better part of these
Is now the guest of heaven;
And glory mortals may not see;
To them, so lov’d, is given.

I weep not that no flow’rets wave,
Or willow o’er thy tomb,
Or that around thy lowly grave
All weep a face of gloom.
Thou art not there—thou art not there—
I know it could not be;
Never, as wept, so young, so fair!
It is not meant for thee.

Select Biography.

No. XLVI.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

This distinguished actress of the old school of comedy appears to have been born about the year 1745. She was, as it may be termed, a child of the stage. Her father, Mr. Hallam, was, at one period, manager of Goodman’s Fields theatre; her mother was related to Beard, the principal singer of his time; and a brother of hers, some years ago, was the manager of a theatrical company in America. Her father, in a dispute with Macklin, the celebrated Shylock, at a rehearsal, received so severe a wound in the eye from the walking-stick of the ruffian—which, in fact, Macklin was, that he died on the spot. Macklin was tried for the offence at the Old Bailey, but acquitted, as it was deemed the effect of sudden passion, not of malice prepense. Receiving a superior education, Miss Hallam voluntarily adopted the stage as a pursuit, and came forward with the reputation of high accomplishments. All her early appearances were in singing characters; she was the first Louise in the opera of the “Duenna.” Occasionally she attempted tragedy, but with little success. In her performance of the second character in Hook’s tragedy of “Cyrus,” she was completely thrown into the background by the fine figure and admirable acting of Mrs. Yates in Mandane, the heroine of the piece. Study and observation, however, induced her to attempt the sprightly parts of low comedy, such as abigail, citizens’ wives, &c.; and in these she succeeded to her wishes. The delicacy of her person, the vivacity of her temper, and a distinguishing judg-

ment, all showed themselves to advantage in this walk, and she rapidly became a universal favourite with the town. This is no slight praise, when we consider that amongst her contemporaries were Miss Green (Sheridan’s first Duenna) and Miss Abington; and that, in the early part of her career, even Miss Clive had not left the stage. Miss Hallam stood thus high in the estimation of the public, when Mr. Mattocks, of the same theatre, first paid his addresses to her. He was a vocal performer of some consequence, and a respectable actor. A mutual attachment appears to have ensued; and, to avoid the opposition of the lady’s parents, the lovers took a trip to France, and were married. The union, however, does not appear to have been a very happy one; infidelities on both sides led to an open rupture; and, if we mistake not, to a separation. Notwithstanding this, when Mr. Mattocks, some years afterwards, became manager of the Liverpool theatre, his wife performed there all the principal characters. The speculation proving unfortunate, Mrs. Mattocks reengaged herself at Covent-Garden Theatre, where, we believe, she held an uninterrupted engagement, as an actress of first-rate celebrity in her walk, until her final retirement from the stage, now more than twenty years ago. Hers was the most affecting theatrical leave-taking we ever witnessed. She had played with all the freshness and spirit of a woman in her prime, the part of Flora, in “The Wonder,” to Cooke’s Don Felix. After the play, she, having changed her stage dress for the lady-like attire of black silk, was led forward by Cooke in a suit of black velvet, with weepers, &c. Her feelings enabled her to utter only a few impressive words. There was scarcely a dry eye in the house; she retired amidst the most heartfelt plaudits of the theatre. Mrs. Mattocks possessed a good stage-face and figure; and her broad stare, her formal deportment, her coarse comic voice, and her high colouring, enabled her to give peculiar effect to the characters in which she excelled. In the delivery of the ludicrous epilogues of the late Miles Peter Andrews, which always required dashing spirit, and the imitation of vulgar manners, she was eminently successful. She is understood to have been a great favourite of her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte. She has left one daughter, who married Mr. Hewson, a barrister. That gentleman, unfortunately, lived only a few years after the union. The portion which he received with his wife was laid out in the purchase of one of the City pleaderships; the precaution of insuring

Mr. Henson's life was overlooked ; and, upon his death, after holding the appointment not more than a year or two, the pitch-fair-money was, in consequence, left to his widow. Mrs. Metcalfe died on the 25th of June, where she had long resided, at Kensington.

The Sketch-Book.

NO. XXIV.

VISIT TO A COUNTRY FAIR.

One evening, during my stay at the Rectory, I started for a solitary walk. The sky was without a cloud, and the sun, still almost arrayed in his meridian glory, displayed his honest countenance receding through the wide expanse of the clear transparent hemisphere. I sauntered onwards, till I was led by frequent bursts of movement to a scene unusual, perhaps, to some of my readers. It was a village wake, or fair, one of nature's holidays ; where the throng aside jerkin and spade to indulge in uncurbed festivity ; or another, where all the inhabitants of a village meet annually to feast, drink, play, make love, and break heads. Such was the scene I now entered upon, though not quite unexpectedly, as I had gained some notice of it beforehand by several noisy groups of peasants hastening past me to this attracting point of all that is prominent, beautiful, or interesting in the country circle. For this is the emporium of village fashion ; the Hyde-park of the rustics ; where the farmer doffs his leather buskins and nail-studded boots for decent varised hose, set off by shoes ornamented with the same gleaming buckles that bespangled the legs of his forefathers. The huge abragy coat, the faithful companion of his labours through all weathers, is ejected this one day for verdant green or russet brown. In addition to this, the rarely-used red waistcoat rises in roseate splendour across his muscular chest, leaving just room enough at the neck to permit the snow-white cravat to be seen ; which his good dame herself has adjusted with the utmost care. The scene of this rural saturnalia was a fine verdant lawn, extending like an amphitheatre towards a wood skirting the village. I was not long in finding an eminence from whence I might reconnoitre this motley scene, as well as the tumultuous hubbub of showmen and visitors would allow. I found, to my sorrow, that I had come too late for the donkey-racing, and various other sports ; and, at present, found the most conspicuous objects to consist of some youths breaking each other's heads with

true English courage, and certain parties in swing, hanging between heaven and earth, at what appeared to me no very pleasant height. To those who were tired of the sports, delicacies were not wanting from the new-made gingerbread to the inviting plum ; amongst the booths also were seen some few decorated most splendidly with toys, where the rustic gallant might purchase a thimble or a pair of garters for his fair adorable. One or two showmen might be observed offering the shattered carcass of a cap for contributions, and again they made the skies reecho as they shouted out the murdered names of the grandees displayed through the glass hole to their visitors.

Beneath the shade of some gigantic oaks was a band of venerable fathers, and at some distance a circle of aged dames, applauding the gambols of their sons, and refreshing themselves with jugs of village ale and tales of past times. At this moment my eye was caught by some smoke that rose circling over the tops of the trees in another part of the wood, and throwing a dusky hue over the surrounding foliage ; and, on a more curious inspection, I discovered a group of gipsies stationed there, like the twelve tribes of the forest, to utter their oracles from the native oak. These wanderers, equally with many others, had come to take advantage of the fair, and were dealing out pottery-ware and fortunes by wholesale. They were bargaining for pots and pans, killing some damsels and marrying others in quick succession ; and, urged by my innate spirit of curiosity, I approached to take a nearer view of them. In the midst sat two sibyls hanging over the fumes of a pot, containing their evening's repast, and feeding the slender fire from time to time with sticks they had gathered in the wood. Near them were playing two or three barefooted little urchins, that had, perhaps, known a better fate and better living. But the most conspicuous figures were two black-eyed lasses, with red cloaks flung with an air of negligence over their shoulders, while their sun-burnt, their impressive and handsome, features, were partly shrouded by a capacious hood and bonnet. The other members of the gipsy settlement bore nothing very remarkable in their appearance ; there were two or three men engaged in selling knives, &c., whose countenances seemed to have manfully endured and opposed every extremity of weather, and might, perhaps, to a better physiognomist than myself, have borne a sinister cast of expression, indicative of a mind capable of foraging in the neighbouring ben-roosts. But leaving these prophetic

esses and a tattered old man apparently the ruler of the tribe to their profitable avocation. I once more returned to the hall itself.

Here there were decisive marks of the approach of even, and of the finishing of our grand gala. The swings, relaxing in their rapid motion, moved heavily and slowly to and fro, like the pendulum of a huge family clock, that may be seen in the corner of some fragrant kitchen, jingling in all its rich jappanery, and, with one mighty well-known tick, informing the ruddy-faced, perspiring scullion that the potatoes have boiled enough. The lonely stentorian voices of the showmen died away in their throats, with a gurgling murmur resembling the sound of stagnant water. The venerable patriarchs were rising one by one, with slow gravity, from their verdant seats, and with one last look at the empty jug, each buttoned up his capacious bowing doublet, raised with a shrug the waistband of his breeches, shouldered his club stick, the trusty supporter of his steps, and wended on his way homeward. The teapot of the merry dames, drained to its lees, stood idly on the table, the cups and saucers ceased to rattle, the hearty laugh of pleasure and delight was no longer heard, and the bustling matrons reclining on the arms of their spouses, were dragging away their giggling daughters, who on every possible opportunity turned their heads to catch one last glance of their affianced lovers. — The birds were shrubbery in the woods, the sheepbells tinkled no more over the plain, and I was left alone and unregarded, under the shade of the forest-tree, that waved with a hollow, tremulous murmur, as if admonishing me to begone, lest by loitering I should disturb the nocturnal gambols of Mah and her fairy train. I lost no time in obeying them, and being enabled to find my way through the wood by the light of the moon, soon found myself far distant from the theatre of my evening's amusement, of which, as I looked back for a parting farewell, not a vestige remained, save the smoke of the gipsy fire, flitting in fantastic forms over the verdant branches of the trees, and opposing itself to the rays of the bright orb above me.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF A BURMESE PRIEST.

The following whimsical description of the honorary funeral rites paid to the

body of a Poonhee, or priest, in the golden empire, display a scene in the manners of the people singularly peculiar.

A little before the arrival of the *Enterprise* at Rangoon the last time, the obsequies of a Poonhee had been celebrated near Rangoon, at the Elephant tree, with much pomp. If we describe the ceremony as detailed to us, we shall, we believe, give our readers a general idea of the mode of paying honour to the remains of a Poonhee, which differs entirely from that observed towards a common corpse. When the breath was out of the Poonhee's body, he was embalmed with the costliest spices procurable; his embalmed body was then put into a large box, full of honey, which was locked up. Intelligence was then sent by express to the neighbouring provinces or districts, stating that the Poonhee was dead and lying in state, or rather in honey; and that on a certain day the ceremony of caring him would take place at the Elephant tree. This ceremony of caring consists in placing the corpse of the Poonhee in a vast and stately car. The assembled multitudes from the different districts then strive to drag the car, one party one way, and one the other. The first may be called *waterters*, and the second *firemen*. If the waterters succeed in dragging the car their way, in spite of the opposing party, they have the right of committing the Poonhee, car and all, to the river. If the fire party, on the contrary, gain the victory, they dispose of the Poonhee and his appurtenances by fire.

Three months after the demise of our Poonhee, the box containing his holiness, was produced at the Elephant tree, in the presence of a vast multitude of men, women, and children, the most of whom had come many days' journey to do honour to the Poonhee, and, indeed, to wake him with a degree of spirit, that wanted only the whisky to render the whole scene Irish to a high degree.

The morning was ushered in not with the ringing of bells, but with the ringing of ears and noses; or, in other words, wrestling and pugilistic contests. It was, we learn, a highly interesting spectacle to see the chivalry of Ava and Pagan in active energy on this most impious occasion. As far as the eye could reach, it was met by an amphitheatre of human heads, and the ear was greeted on every side by the confused but continuous hum of human voices. In the rear of all sat or stood the sage and aged, the children, the old women, and the young spouses, if we may be allowed the phrase, for really we are nescient of the Burmese phrase of

country in mentioning a young lady ; let square pass them.

The young squires were dressed with a degree of splendour, which evinced that much anxiety to the duties of the toilet had been felt on that eventful morning. Some of them were in tight muslin bodies, but the most were girdled forth in a very "Nove Creins" style indeed. Instead of the muslin, others chose a kind of silk tartan, and their beautiful forms were by no means in any part too much veiled from the eye of the connoisseur ; on the contrary, there was a Spartan freedom about the limbs and torso, which would have been particularly engaging in the eyes of an artist.

In the midst—and so ought excited to fests of gallant daring by the presence of the ladies—stood the young men and dandies. Some cudgled, some wrangled, some sang, and some absolutely dozed, in a manner that convinces us, that civilisation is not confined to the *Fives' Court*, or the *Fancy*. This exercise gave an appetite for breakfast ; and the multitude sat down to a *désiré à la fourchette*. In course of the day the dead Poonhgee was taken out of the box of honey and placed aloft on the top of the car, where he lay in state, looking down, as it were, on the vast assembly that were making merry for his honour. The car was filled with combustibles in all its parts, but the tug of war was not to come on till the evening. In the interim the ladies and gentlemen, squires and aunts, and old women and children, enjoyed themselves in eating and drinking and making merry, and various gymnastic and Olympian exercises, some of which we have already alluded to, were kept up till a long the hour for deciding whether the Poonhgee was to be disposed of by a Wernerian or Hattanian process, by a water or fire, *quod risit*.

The crowd ranged themselves upon either side ; they lay hold of the enormous traces of the gigantic gilded car ; they give pull, and pull, and pull, and tug and tug—but the car hardly moves. They continue thus for half an hour, with a stretch of snow and a steadiness of wind worthy of Hercules. At length the car wavers, it shakes, it runs, and the Hottentots, with a shout that shakes the woods and wilde around, proclaim their victory.

The drivers, having consulted a little, decided (as much as was vulgar mode) to blow up the Poonhgee. Accordingly, they quitted the car, and retired to a respectful distance, whence a number of rockets were thrown at the car, until at length it caught fire and blew up, carry-

ing the Poonhgee, and every thing about him, zenithwards. When his honours exploded, there was a universal shout, the act of consecration or canonification being deemed complete. The people then gradually began to scatter, and the elephant trees were soon deserted of the merry mourners.

We feel here an inclination to write a long article in praise of economy ; but we must defer it, having already extended our observations *so much* too far. The joke of *tapping the admiral*, we presume, is familiar to our readers. Had honey been used, as in the preservation of the Poonhgee, the admiral's eau would never have been tapped. The Burmese, however, have always the decency of leaving the honey untouched,—while the Poonhgee is in it ; but, what becomes of the honey when the Poonhgee is removed ? Shall we tell ? We had rather not ; and yet we feel that we ought, even though the information may produce a quain in some of our sweet-toothed readers. Secondly, we have heard it asserted as a fact, that the Poonhgee's honey was immediately bottled up and sent to Calcutta, and that such honey has been habitually sent to the Calcutta market from Rangoon, &c. Let our eaters of honey look to it ; for, however fond they may be of that viand, we presume they would rather have it from the comb than from a Poonhgee.

Asian Journal.

Autumnal Sonnet.

Shadow of ripening rye and rustling grain,
Melodious Autumn, with thy birds and bee,
Bright-luring flowers, and chearful-buds
of roses, and blossomish whifflers ! A
Thou enjoue'st carelessness, boyhood back again,
Most pleasant sic, when all the woods are still,
And but the blackbird hymns the Evening Star,
Whose golden cholet gema the south afar.

To let fond memory meditate her ill,
Oh, school-companions, whither are ye fed ?

Here, as of yore, both hips and haunch abound ;
Little brambles crawl the wayside beds

around ; the ground does gowt to gowt
And peep, with prickly leaves, ripe berries

and red, and red, and red, and red, and red,
Hark, the five wind with beechnut showers

the ground—To answer not, the tattered and the tattered
Ye answer not, the tattered and the tattered

Blackwood's Magazine.

not twain is there—Instead of twain
aid—

Book Stalls.

BOOK STALLS are among the things to be regretted of which modern improvements are depriving us ; and this is felt by many a lover of books, who used to direct his course in the streets of London, not by the aforesaid line, but so as to take

in the greatest number: for his bound. This destruction is a loss evil to the mere collector, and even to those collectors of a better class who value a volume not for its rarity but for its intrinsic worth; that is to those persons whom Milton designates *still-readers*. To poor scholars and poor lovers of learning they were as talismans spread in the wilderness.

Quarterly Review.

The Selector.

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

OLD WRINKLE BOOTS. THE ANTIQUARY.

BROWNE WILLIS, the first person who undertook a detailed and general survey of the English cathedrals, acquired his love for this pursuit by passing many of his idle hours in the Abbey, when a Westminster-boy. That abbey was open to the boys till of late years, when they were deprived of a liberty which produced some injury to the monuments, and some annoyance to the visitors and showmen. Browne Willis, who became one of the oldest of all odd men, had his share of peculiarities as a boy. The monuments were his books, and before he left school he imbued there a love of churches and church antiquities which fixed the bent of his after-life. He was a great repairer of churches and steeples, attended cathedrals and churches, whenever he could no time his visits, upon their dedication days; and when he went to Bath, would help numbers but in the abbey-house. A lively lady described him as having, with one of the honestest hearts in the world, one of the oddest heads that ever dropped from the moon; he wrote the worst hand of any man in England; it was more unintelligible than if he had learnt to write by copying the inscriptions upon old tomb-stones. He wore three or four coats at once, each being of a different generation, and over them an old blue cloak lined with black fustian, all of which were girt with a leathern belt, giving him the appearance of a beggar, for which he was often taken in the course of his enthusiastic wanderings. His number-beaten wig was of a colour for which language affords no name; his dented hat, having past the stage between black and brown, was in the same predicament as the wig, and the lower part of his equipments had obtained for him in his own neighbourhood the appellation of *Old Wrinkle Boots*, for during

the wear and tear and repair of forty years, the said boots had consumed as many wrinkles as their quantum of calf-skin would contain; and consequently did not reach half up the legs which they once covered. Being far too deeply engrossed with past ages to bestow any portion of his thoughts and cares upon the present, he suffered a fair fortune to be deteriorated by neglecting his worldly affairs. And having lived long enough to hold a distinguished place among antiquaries himself, he left behind him the character of a diligent and faithful antiquary, in which he will long continue to be remembered. Reputations of this class are not like those of fashionable authors, which come like shadows and so depart; they keep their place, and make up in duration for what they want in extensiveness.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.

GLACIERS have been most inaccurately termed mountains of ice.—They are on the contrary more properly *valleys of ice*.—They are uniformly found in the deep-valleys or ravines between the mountains—and in the deep hollow cliffs in the sides of the mountains themselves.—They have been obviously formed by the immense avalanches of snow which fall in spring and summer from the precipices and sides of the bordering mountains, into the ravines below. The penetration of the melted water through the snow, which is again frozen in that state, renders it an entire mass of ice.—As the enormous heaps which fall are not nearly melted before the close of summer, and the winter's snow still increases the mass—which the avalanches of the succeeding summer again continue to augment—it is not wonderful that in the course of ages, the enormous valleys of ice, we now behold, many of which are six or seven leagues in length, and of unknown and incalculable depth,—(which however in some places has been ascertained by the fissures to be upwards of three thousand feet,) should have been accumulated. The *surface* of the glaciers of the Alps from the Tyrol to Mount Blanc, is now computed to exceed twelve hundred square miles. As the declivity of these valleys or ravines which the glaciers occupy, is always rapid, their lower extremity pressed onward by the enormous weight of ice above, has always a tendency to descend lower and lower, into the larger valley or plain, in which the ravine terminates.—But in proportion as the glacier advances to lower and warmer regions—the dissolution of ice becomes more rapid

—consequently during hot summers, and often even during those winters in which the fall of snow has been trifling, they are frequently known to recede—that is, the ice is dissolved faster than it is pushed forward. In severer years, on the contrary, their progress is often alarmingly rapid.—In winter, while they are bound by frost, they are of course quite stationary—and the stream of water which in summer flows from their base, is then either completely stopped or dwindled to a very small rivulet.—*Continental Adventures.*

SWISS SCENERY.

CERTAINLY, going from France into Switzerland, is like passing through purgatory to get to paradise. And Switzerland is an earthly paradise. The majestic trees, the verdant fields, the blooming enclosures, the deep blue waters of the wide expanded lake, its richly cultivated shores, with picturesque cottages, cheerful country houses, sweet villages and hamlets reposing on its banks;—the wood, the rocks, the half-seen opening valleys—the lofty mountains—the Alps in all the majesty of nature—the hoary summit of Mont Blanc, crowned with its eternal snows—No! vanity should I seek to give you an idea of this land of surpassing beauty!—All that is lovely, romantic, glorious, and sublime in the works of nature, are combined in these scenes of varied enchantment!

Nothing can be more animated than the scenery of Switzerland. The whole country is overspread with rural habitations. Here you see the wealthy, substantial farm-house, compactly built of wood, with its steep projecting roof, covered with wooden shingles, secured with poles and stones—unpainted, but well varnished with its own native brown coat of exuded resin; perchance carved over with quaint texts of scripture, and always sheltered under venerable umbrousous walnut trees, from the fruit of which the peasants extract their oil. Turn aside, and there, in a deep pastoral valley, at the base of some beetling mountain, which seems to threaten its humble roof with the terrific avalanche—stands a sweet lowly cottage, filled with busy inmates, and surrounded with every appearance of rural labour and contentment. High above, perched on some aerial summit, accessible only to the shepherd and the chamois, you behold the Alpine Chalet, or mountain dairy, tenanted only in summer, while the cows are grazing on the hills.—*I bid.*

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM NOHAMANNA, QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS TO CAPTAIN NOTZEBUE.

I LOVE you with all my heart, and more than myself, and therefore cannot express in words the pleasure I feel at seeing you again. You will find everything altered when Temumah was alive, the country flourished; but with his death these blossoms faded, and everything in the islands fell into the greatest disorder. The young king is now in London; Karemaka and Kahumanni are at present absent; and the chief who supplies her place has too little influence with the people to receive you in a becoming manner; he cannot send you so much taro, nor as many yams and pigs as you will want. I am heartily sorry that my large possessions in the island, however are at so great a distance from here across the sea; if they were nearer, you should daily be surrounded with swine. When Karemaka and Kahumanni return, they will supply you with everything. The king's brother will also come with them; but he is still a boy, without any experience, and not able to distinguish right from wrong. I beg you to embrace your emperor for me, and to tell him with what pleasure I would do it myself; but, also, a whale stalks between us. Do not forget cordially to recommend me to your countrymen. As I am a Christian, like yourself, you will forgive my bad writing. Hunger obliges me to conclude my letter; and I wish that you may also eat your swine's head with a good appetite.

With royal constancy, ever yours,
NUHAMANNA.

A SAILOR'S TERRESTRIAL PLEASURES.

WE have seen Jack come on shore, with a bag like an opossum, loaded with the hard earnings of two or three years. With the ambition of Alexander, he must have all the world to himself. Women, a fiddle, and some rum, are indispensable requisites; the last fires his brain, and sets all reflection at defiance. A thousand days' hard labour on the most dangerous element, battling his country's foes, have often been spent in less than a week by an individual in the most licentious manner possible. If money did not go fast enough, watches were fried, bank-notes eaten between bread and butter, and every practice resorted to for the purpose of its riddance. The paying off at Plymouth always gives seamen a treat which they cannot obtain elsewhere; that is, the glorious opportunity of riding in

hacking-coaches, or, standing on their roof when going full speed, and of which they always avail themselves. Every one must have witnessed the alacrity with which a seaman spies a coach on such occasions; he cannot resist the temptation, and when a quarter of a mile off, he stings his lungs with the cry of "coachée, coachée!" I once witnessed a sailor, with a string of twenty-five coaches behind him, moving through the town to the head, being the whole number on the stand, all of which he had engaged. He was standing on the roof of the foremast, waving his hat, and seemed as much rejoiced as Napoleon is said to have been when the garrison of Ulm, with all the nobles it contained, marched out before him. The sailor exhibited his prowess to his companions much in the way of the great Macedonian: "Oh! ye Atheneans, could you believe to what dangers I have exposed myself, to be praised by you?"—*Burnet's Word.*

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

ANPHION made such uncommon progress in music, that he built the walls of Thebes at the sound of the lyre; and Gaul, in his *Court of the Gentiles*, from some other authority, states, "that he find his verses, composed with great melody, so exactly thereto, as that the same run their own accord." As inhabitants of a sea-port, this is easily understood; most of us must be aware of the power music has over the souls of our seamen—the well-known music of "Ye I have ho!" trips the anchor of the largest vessels from the ground; and the enlivening notes of the fife send the topmast astir, or hoist the beer and water aboard. The martial sound of the drum, when beating to quarters, fills the head of the ship with the crew; and the thundering music of the cannon drowns all reflection on past or future; whilst the two instruments just named rouse sensations of delight the moment the performers strike up. "Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh the old English roast beef!"—*Illustrated Anti-Slavery.*

ANISCILLANIES.

SINGULAR ESSEX CUSTOM.

(*For the Mirror.*)

AT King's Hill, about half a mile north of Rockford church is held what is called the Lawless Court, because held at an unlawful, or "lawless" hour. On the Wednesday morning next after

Michaelmas day, the tenants are bound to attend upon the first cock crowing, and to kneel and do their homage, without any kind of light but such as the heavens will afford; the steward of the court calls all such as are bound to appear, with as low a voice as possible, giving no notice when he goes to execute his office; however, he that gives not an answer is deeply fined. They are all to whisper to each other, nor have they any pen and ink, but supply that deficiency with a coal; and he that owes suit and service, and appears not, forfeits to the lord of the manor double his rent every hour he is absent. A tenant of this manor forfeited, not long ago, his land for non-attendance, but was restored to it, the lord only taking a fine.

P.

NATURAL HISTORY.

IT is generally known that cold countries have fewer species of plants than warm ones. A learned botanist shows that this difference follows pretty constantly the progression of the temperature: according to him, there are in Spitzbergen only 30 species of plants; in Lapland, 554; in Iceland, 553; in Sweden, 1,500; in Brandenburg, 2,000; in Piedmont, 3,200; in Jamaica, 4,000; and in Madagascar, 5,000.

SPIDERS.

THE manner in which spiders carry on their operations conformably to the impending changes of the atmosphere, is simply this:—If the weather is likely to become rainy, windy, or in other respects disagreeable, they fix the terminating filaments on which the whole web is suspended unusually short; and in this state they await the influence of a temperature which is remarkably variable. On the contrary, if the terminating filaments are made commonly long, we may, in proportion to their length, conclude that the weather will be serene, and continue so for at least ten or twelve days. But if the spiders be totally indolent, rain generally succeeds; though on the other hand, their activity during rain is the most certain proof that it will be only of short duration, and followed with fair and very constant weather. According to further observations, the spiders regularly make some alterations in their webs or nests every twenty-four hours; if these changes take place between the hours of six and seven in the evening, they indicate a clear and pleasant night.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and Dumper of old
men's stuff." — *W. Collier*

WHEN Sobieski, king of Poland, was setting off for the relief of Vienna, during its siege by the Turks, the queen, whose son was by her side, could not refrain from weeping. "Wherefore," said the king, "do you weep?" "Because," she replied, "this child is not old enough to follow you."

A STUPID person one day seeing a man of learning enjoying the pleasures of the table, said, "So, Sir, philosophers I see can indulge in the greatest delicacies." "Why not?" replied the other; "do you think Providence intended all good things for the ignorant?"

YESTERDAY.

A YORKSHIREMAN taking the advice of his counsel on a lawsuit in which his fortune depended, his advocate told him he would be cast, and showed him a case in print against him in "East's Reporta." "Never mind," said the suitor, "the judges may not remember it;" and while he was discussing the matter, the counsel was called out on some business; when, seizing the opportunity, the countryman cut the disagreeable pages clean out of the book, and stuffed them into his fob. His cause came on, and he got the verdict; on which the lawyer congratulated him. "O, Sir," he replied, "I could not lose, for I have taken special care to keep the law against me in my pocket."

THE following notice is to be seen in the window of a cottage near Plymstock:—
J.—Parish Clerk, Urinary Surgeon, and Smith, Tacheith Yong, Garls, and Buoyes to rade and rite. Daleth in Mole Candela, Shugar Plums, Rish Lites, Comes, MoleTraps, Mouse Traps, Spring Guns, and all other Swetemates, Teeth Distracted, Blid, Drawings, Blisters, Pilis, Mixters made, also Nails and Hoses Shoed, Hepsom Soits, and Comes out and all other Things on Rasonable Tarmas.

N. B. And also My Mises goes out as a Man-mid-wife in the chapest way possible.

GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

THE celebrated bell, weighing 5,000 cwt. near the tower of Iwan Wilky, in the Kremlin, has within a few years sunk four feet deeper into the ground, whence it has been long standing. It is now to

be easily cleared of the earth in which it is buried, that so great a curiosity may be examined in its whole height and extent, with all the ornaments and inscriptions.

TRUTH VERSUS POLITENESS.

AT a tea-party, where some Canbabs happened to be present, after the dish had been handed round, the lady, who was presiding over the tea equipage, "hoped the tea was good." "Very good, indeed, madam," was the general reply, till it came to the turn of one of the Canbabs to speak, who, between truth and politeness, shrewdly observed, "That the tea was excellent, but the water was smoky."

THE counterpane which covered the bed of Charles I. the night before his execution, and which is made of a very thick rich blue satin, embroidered with gold and silver, in a deep border, has continued to be used by the family of Champneys, of Orchardleigh, near Frome, as a christening mantle, from the period it came into their possession, by marriage with the sole heiress of the Chandlers, of Caun's Hall, near Fareham, in Hampshire; a family connected with Cromwell. The sword-belt of the unfortunate king is likewise at Orchardleigh House.

PERICLES.

THIS great man was never known to give way to anger, let the provocation be what it would. He was once, for a whole day, loaded with reproaches by a vile and abandoned fellow. Pericles bore it with patience and silence, continued in public for the despatch of some urgent affairs, and in the evening walked slowly home, the wretch following and insulting him all the way; when he came to his own door, it being then dark, he calmly ordered one of his servants to take a torch, and light the man home.

WHEN a person takes up his freedom in the town of Alnwick, he is obliged by the charter of that place to jump into an adjacent bog, and sink up to his chin. This custom was imposed by king John, who, travelling that way, and his horse sinking fast in the hole, took this method to punish the townspeople for not keeping the road in better order.

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